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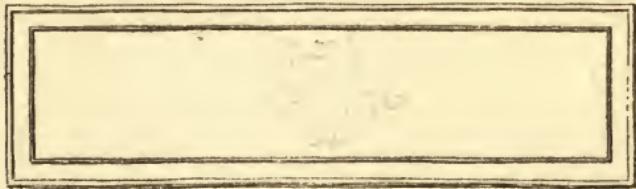
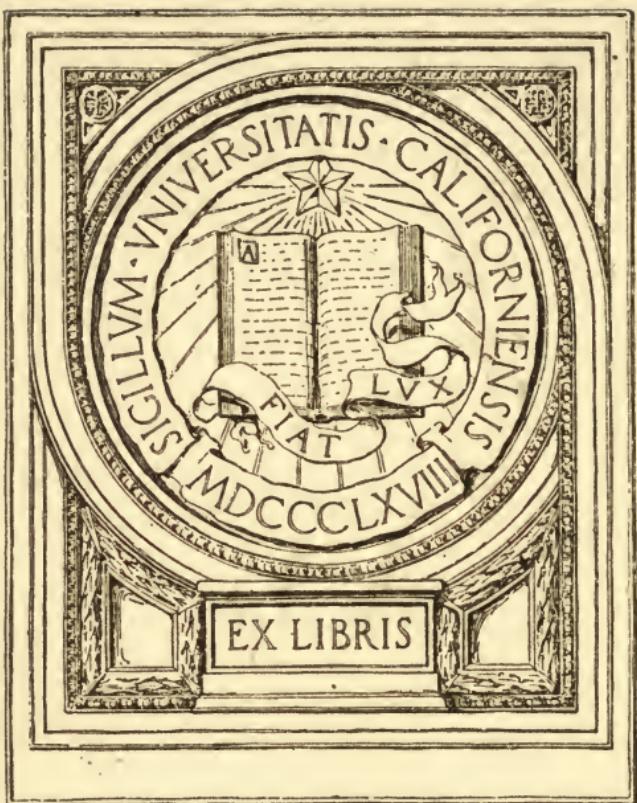


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SONGS OF
THE STALWART



GRANTLAND RICE



SONGS OF THE STALWART

SONGS OF THE STALWART
BY
GRANTLAND RICE



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1917

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MAIN

TO MY WIFE

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INTRODUCTION

Grantland Rice is a sweet and kindly human being who has a habit of saying things in a sweet and kindly way. Sometimes he says them in verse, which is still better.

You like Grantland Rice's prose stuff until you have read some of his verses. Then you wonder why he doesn't write in rhyme all the time. Then some day you read one of his baseball stories, and you decide that there is a good deal to be said on both sides of this proposition.

Grant Rice is almost the only man I know who has made literature of the sporting department of a daily paper—not merely smart journalism, but actually literature—matter that has good diction, swift, sharp, crackling metaphor, deft phrasing, smooth, clarified English. And his jingles very frequently are more than just rhymes. They are rhythm.

He was born shortly after the Reconstruction

Period went out of fashion in the blue grass country of Tennessee—oh, yes, Tennessee has a blue-grass belt, too—and he came to New York by way of Atlanta, Georgia, where he wrote sport stuff which was reprinted all over the country, sometimes with due credit to the author and sometimes without it, which was an even greater compliment to the young man. I have heard that when a New York paper offered him a job and he accepted it, he was scared stiff for fear he wouldn't be able to deliver. He need not have been. He made good twenty minutes after he landed in the Big Town. Perhaps I am exaggerating there. It may have been as long as half an hour.

That was seven or eight, or maybe nine, years ago. Today he is the most extensively syndicated and by the same token the most extensively read writer on sporting topics in the United States, and is paid accordingly. Success has not damaged him. His hat size is still seven and an eighth and his favorite flower remains the violet. He is the same modest, manly, sunny-natured chap that he must have been when he

was a tow-headed kid Down South, or when he was a freshman in college at Nashville, or when he broke into the game as a cub reporter. Every time Grant Rice meets a man, Grant Rice's circle of friends and well-wishers has been increased by one. So far as I know he has one serious vice: he would rather play golf in the fall of the year than go bird-shooting with me. The mantelpiece and other furniture in his flat are all junked up with those silver contraptions called trophies which he has won on the links. Any time Mrs. Rice feels that the whatnot in the corner requires further ornamentation, Grant takes his clubs in his hand and goes over to Englewood or down to Pinehurst, or somewhere, and presently comes home with another loving cup bearing the imprint of the popular Mr. Sterling.

Some of these days they are going to nominate a successor to the late James Whitcomb Riley as our most typical writer of homely, gentle American verse. I have my candidate already picked out. His name is Grantland Rice.

IRVIN S. COBB.



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SONGS OF SOMEWHERE BACK

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1)

SOME DAY

I'm going home some day—

If I can only find the pathway back;

For I have come too far, too far astray,

A wanderer on a strange and alien track.

I saw the world ahead and only meant

To go a little way beyond—and then

To seek the old-time highway of content,

And live back home among my clan again.

I'm going home some day—

But every track I face is strange and new;

God grant I have not wholly lost the way

But that, in seeking all the long years through,

The mist shall lift, and I shall find once more

The path that leads me to the dreams of

youth—

The lanes of light—the life I knew before
I left the old-time ways of faith and truth.

I'm going home some day—
So moves the dream of all the roving world;
The seekers of far lands who've lost their way,
God's countless aliens by the current whirled
From out the harbor, and by tempest tossed
To unknown lands where they must ever roam;
And this is all that makes life worth the cost—
This endless dream—"Some day I'm going
home."

DOWN IN SUNNY TENNESSEE

Is the sunshine any brighter
From the years that used to be?
Is the moondrift any softer
Down in Sunny Tennessee?
Are the song birds any sweeter,
As they warble to their mates?

Are the mountains any higher
Than they are in other states?
For you understand the feeling,
If you've ever had to roam,
The sky is always bluer,
And the old-time friends seem truer,
When a fellow thinks of home.

When the way I take is weary
Through the shadow of the years,
When the day has seen my sorrow
And the dark has known my fears,
Then I turn to you and whisper:
“O, the night has grown so deep—
Where I thought Fame's light was flaring,
Only ghosts and shadows creep;
Can't you see I'm lonesome for you
Where the way of Fate is stark?
Won't you call me home, O Mother,
Call your boy in from the dark?”

I can see old lanes that wander
Where the maples bend and sway;
I can see your orchards waiting
Where the children used to play;
And they're full of dreams that beckon
To a long forgotten day;
And when the day is over
In the summer's purple glow,
Your fields are faint with starlight
From the dusks of long ago,
That a fellow used to know.

I can see you now before me,
From your mountains to your plains;
Through the glory of your sundrifts
And the gray mists of your rains;
Where your moonlight's spilling silver
And your sunshine's dripping gold,
And your twilight winds are singing
Of the fine, brave days of old.

Of the days when Jackson's courage
Gave the nation back its faith—
When the Alamo called Crockett
For his rifle and his wraith—
When Forrest led his stalwarts
Out the highway of the brave,
And Morgan's mighty raiders
Rode to glory—or the grave.

Then the vision changes color,
Where the softer dreams remain
Of lips as red as roses
That are rinsed in April's rain;
Of eyes as blue as May deeps
Where the violets are born,
And voices that are softer
Than the summer winds at dawn,
Then the summer winds that whisper
From the Long and Long Ago.

When a fellow starts to dreaming
Of a Girl he used to know.

Where shadows drift and gather
There's a mist before my eyes,
From fields of waving blue-grass
And from still remembered skies;
Where vanished winds come singing,
Through the fragrance of your loam,
The story of your glory
And the old, old song of home.

The old, old song that echoes
On the far winds of the night—
That sings above the war drums
And the tumult of the fight;
That sweeps across the cities
Where the flags of triumph fly,
And whispers in the twilight
Where the wounded wait to die;

The song of all the millions
Who have held one dream at bay
Of a road beyond Tomorrow
That will lead back home some day.

And when the road came calling
To take my "rag and pack,"
To face the way, far leading,
That might not bring me back,
I still held to the vision
Of dim, old-fashioned lanes,
Through April's silver mornings,
And through gray October rains;
And grander than all triumphs
That ever come to men—
A clan that waits with welcome—
When I come home again.

A LITTLE BOY—AND A DREAM

The Little Boy smiled in his sleep that night
As he wandered to Twilight Town;
And his face lit up with a heavenly light
Through the shadows that drifted down;
But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye
In the light of the gray dawn's gleam;
And out from the stillness we heard him cry:
“I've lost my dream—my dream!”

And he told us then, in his childish way,
Of the wonderful dream he'd known;
He had wandered away from the land of play
To the distant Land of the Grown;
He had won his share of the fame and fight,
In the struggle and toil of men;
And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light:
“I want my dream again.”

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew
Till he came to the Land of the Grown ;
And the dream of his early youth came true,
The dream that he thought had flown ;
Yet once again he smiled in his sleep,
Smiled on to the gray dawn's gleam,
When those near by might have heard him weep,
“I want my dream—my dream !”

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth,
And the smile on a mother's face ;
A hearth of old-time faith and truth
In the light of an old home place ;
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle and toil of men—
Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light:
“I want my dream again.”

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Last night you called from some forgotten year;
You spoke to me across the wall of night;
Or was it but the wind that echoed near
And whispered to me as it wheeled in flight?
Wind of the night from pathways we had known
Before the journey called me forth alone?
I know not—only that last night, as then,
I heard your voice again.

Last night you sang to me—the old song crept
From out the years and life's forgotten ways;
Or was it that the tavern music swept
My heart and soul on back to other days?
That carried me from out the night of fears
Into the light of life's all golden years?
I know not—only that last night—as then—
I heard you sing again.

Last night you came to me and brought me rest,
From care and strife as in the days of yore;
Or was it but the ashes of dead roses pressed
Between the leaves I turned to see once more?
Ashes of roses from the days of gleam
When life was more than ashes of a dream?
I know not—only that last night—as then—
You came to me again.

THE TRIUMVIRATE

When a touch of frost
Creeps in the air
And the northwind's
Roaring bugles blare;
When the long, gray evenings
Gather down
From the hills that shadow
The walled-in town;

When the dripping eaves
In a bleak refrain
Chant the wail
Of a winter's rain,
Oh, where is the poet
Left to sing
A song of dream
In the land of Spring?
A song of dream
That may compare
To a pipe—a book—
And an easy chair?

When the wild blasts howl
And the shadows flit
Over the wall
Where the fire is lit;
When the snow drifts deep
And the driving rain

Sings its song
At the window pane;
When the dim world lies
In the pit of night,
As the gray ghosts shriek
In the mad gale's flight,
Oh, where is the poet
Left to praise
The gleam and dream,
Of the summer ways?
The gleam and dream
That may compare
To a pipe—a book—
And an easy chair?

IN LIFE'S APRIL

Here let the sunshine linger—
The softest south wind stay;
No shadow gather over
Life's Little Land of Play;

No sin nor sorrow reach them—

No storm that rushes by

Leave for the dreamers guarded there

The echo of a sigh.

Give them the breath of morning

When spring's first zephyr blows

To paint upon each pallid cheek

The crimson of the rose;

Wee lips as pink as starlight,

Bright eyes that see no pain,

As tender as the violets,

Blue wet in April's rain.

Give them to know life's music

Beyond the driving years;

Too young to know the meaning

Of heartaches and of tears;

And when the twilight gathers

By valley, hill and stream,

Give them across the darkness
God's sweetest dream to dream.

UNCLE REMUS

(*Upon the death of Joel Chandler Harris.*)

There's a shadow on the cotton patch, the blue
has left the sky;

The mourning meadows echo with the south-
wind's saddened sigh;

And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's
turned to gray,

But the roses and the violets shall hide his face
away.

The Little Boy is lonesome and his eyes are
filled with tears;

Beyond the mists he only sees the shadows of
the years;

The light now lies behind him with his best
friend gone away;

But the softest winds in Dixie at his heart will
kneel to pray.

The people of the woodlands—the fur and feath-
ered clan—

The bear—the fox—the rabbit—will miss him
more than man;

But the rose that sways above him in his blos-
som-tented tomb

Shall turn its crimson lips of love to kiss away
the gloom.

The shadow's on the cotton patch; the light has
left the sky;

A world will bow in sorrow at his message of
good-bye;

And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's
turned to gray;

But the sweetest flowers of the South will hide
his face away.

THE VANISHED COUNTRY

Back in the Vanished Country

There's a cabin in a lane,

Across the yellow sunshine

And the silver of the rain;

A cabin, summer-shaded,

Where the maples whispered low

Dream stories of the world winds

That a fellow used to know;

And it's queer that, turning gray,

Still a fellow looks away

To a land he knows has vanished

Down the Path of Yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country

There's an old-time swinging gate

Through the early dusk of summer

Where a girl had come to wait;

And her hair was like the sundrift
From the heart of summer skies,
While the blue of God's wide heaven
Crowned the splendor of her eyes ;
And it's queer that, turning gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a girl he knows has vanished
Down the Path of Yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country
There's a dream that used to be
Of Fame within the city
And a name beyond the sea ;
A dream of laurel wreathings
That came singing through the light,
The story of the glory
Of the victor in the fight ;
And it's queer that, worn and gray,
Still a fellow looks away

To a dream he knows has vanished
Down the Path of Yesterday.

GHOSTS OF THE ALAMO

There's the tramp of a ghost on the low wind
tonight,
An echo that drifts like a dream on its way;
There's the blur of a specter that leaves for the
fight,
Grave-risen at last from a long vanished day;
There's the shout and the call of grim soul unto
soul,
As they rise one by one, out of death's shad-
owed glen
To follow the bugle—the drum's muffled roll
Where Ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

I hear Crockett's voice as he leaps from the
dust
And waits at the call for an answering hail;

And Bowie caresses a blade red with rust
As deep in the shadows he turns to the trail;
Still lost in the darkness that covers their sleep
Their bodies may rest in a sand-mounded den,
But their spirits have come from the red starry
steep

Where Ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

You think they've forgotten—because they have
slept—

The day Santa Anna charged in with his slaves,
Where five thousand men on a bare hundred
swept

And stormed the last rampart that stood for
their graves?

You think they've forgotten—but faint, from
afar,

Brave Travis is calling the roll of his men,
And a voice answers, "Here!" through the shad-
ows that bar

Where Ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

There's a flash on a blade—and you thought it
a star?

There's a light on the plain—and you thought it
the moon?

You thought the wind echoed that anthem of
war?

Not knowing the lilt of an old border tune;
Gray shade after shade, stirred again unto
breath,

Gray phantom by phantom they charge down
the glen,

Where souls hold a hate that is greater than
death

Where Ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

AT THE MORNING GATE

How hard the road may be for me,
How rough the way that I must keep,
How weary all the toil may be
Means nothing, dear, though shadows creep,

If you, O Little Dreamer there,
Now drifting under summer skies,
With yellow sunshine in your hair
And starlight in your shining eyes,
Shall only know the lane of light
Where God has kissed each shadow white.

How far the song may drift me,
Who only hear the weary cry
Of Sorrow's ceaseless threnody
Beneath a dim and starless sky
Shall matter not, if I but know,
O Little Dreamer, that your feet
Shall follow where the southwinds blow
Love's blossoms that shall make life sweet—
Sweet through the years that wait for you
With every little dream come true.

THROUGH THE SMOKE WREATH

You'd think the years that stand between—
The long gray years in endless passing—
Would leave but darkness on the scene
Of memory in backward passing;
That fleeting Time would take its rip
Across the rope of friendship's tether—
Fair nights of happy comradeship—
Brave days of willing toil together.

And yet—across the board tonight
I see them once more holding session;
Ralph Smith is banking—at his right
Lane sits in heavy-faked depression;
And Burke is kidding—drawing blind—
Two cards to flush—and never failing—
And where Camp holds three of a kind
I hear once more the echoes wailing.

Where Saul and Marquis hold the board
In jibe and jest, gay wit, romances ;
Where Goodwin cops the blue-stacked hoard
And pikes it back in foolish chances ;
Where Johnson calls—and Harris “shows”—
Across the old-time track again,
Beyond the night some lost wind blows
Their vanished voices back again.

Tobacco smoke that gathers thick—
A line of steins around the table ;
Ah, but the dawn has come too quick
With light across the midnight’s sable ;
Across Time’s sweep, that dims and blurs,
They meet no more—with Fate to reckon ;
No more the pleading “Kitty” purrs,
Save in a dream the pipe can beckon.

You’d think the years would well wipe out
Such vanished scenes from life’s lost places ;

That Time would banish in its rout
The voices dim—the missing faces ;
The Game is broken up—and yet
There comes a splicing of the tether
When one through smoke-wreaths won't forget
To sometimes call the bunch together.

SOMEWHERE BACK

I knew a kid one day
Who looked beyond wide orchard lanes of
white
To where a fellow held the laureled way
Of fame and name and fortune in the fight ;
A kid who heard Life calling, and who turned
To catch the echo of far-marching feet
Where crimson fires of glory flashed and burned
Along the borders of the swarming street.

I know a fellow now
Who looks across gray years with weary eyes

Beyond the laurel and the olive bough
To old, old dreams beneath remembered
skies,
To fields of golden harvest and the glow
Of God's lost sunshine waning to the gleam
Of starlit dusk back home, so long ago
It only seems the phantom of a dream.

I know a fellow who
Would give Life's motley fame again to be
In orchard drifts where lost winds wander
through
And whisper sighing from the bending tree;
Who dreams at each gray dusk within his den
Of old-time honor and old-fashioned truth,
And cries to God to lead him back again
And leave him with the clean, brave faith of
youth.

THE LITTLE LAND OF MORNING

O Little Land of Morning where they have a
dream to cling to,

There's many a dim eye turning through the
mist and rain of tears;

Where they have a hope beyond them and a
brave youth faith to swing to

And a golden vision beckons out the highway
of the years;

Where the fable of the reindeer was a truth be-
yond denying

Ere the Gift God of the Northland had been
turned into a wraith—

O Little Land of Morning in what borders are
you lying

Where a weary heart may find you out the
path of vanished faith?

O Little Land of Morning, are your highways
barred forever

To the many who have wandered through the
arches of your gates?

May the dreamers who have known you find
your phantom portals never

Or, in finding, no more enter by the gray,
grim-guarding fates?

Must the dream forever linger in a dim and dis-
tant yearning

That can never gather closer to the dream we
used to know?

O Little Land of Morning, can we find no back-
ward turning

Through the shadows and the darkness to the
dream of long ago?

ABOVE THE DARKNESS

Deep in the dusk, Dear, the roses are sleeping;
Down from the hills, Dear, the low wind comes
creeping,
Creeping and whispering
“Dreamer—good-night—
Dream of the morning
And God’s world of light—
Dream—O Little One—dreams that are true,
Dreams of the starlight, the dawn and the dew,
Safe in your nest, Dear,
Sleep, Dear, and rest, Dear,
God in His heaven keeps watch over you.”

Over the world, Dear, the twilight is falling,
Low through the dusk, Dear, the south wind
comes calling—
Calling and whispering

"God give you rest—
God in His goodness
Keep guard by your nest;
Dream—O Little One—dream of the light,
Dream of the morning that He shall kiss white—
For while you sleep, Dear,
His care shall creep, Dear,
From the far skies to your cradle tonight."

THE LOST GODDESS

When the world is sweet with the breath of rose
And the white-thorn hedge is a wall of gleam;
When an incense comes as the south wind blows
And the days move by in the drift of dream;
When life is but half awake at best
And ghosts of the twilight hover near,
'And old, old longing stirs the breast
And we turn to Her and the Yesteryear.

When tassel plumes of the cornland bend
To drifting winds of a dreamy day;
When drowsy birds in the maples send
Their songs of peace to the world away;
When lanes are light with the morning's glow
And night, with the silver moon, comes clear,
There's a tug at the heart from the Long Ago
And we turn to Her and the Yesteryear.

A phantom from out of the old, lost ways,
From city and meadow, from street or stream;
A wraith from the vanished yesterdays
Where the heart goes back to a summer's
dream;
We only know that the dream has passed,
That the voice is lost where the night is near,
But as long as the summer roses last
We turn to Her and the Yesteryear.

WIND OF THE NIGHT

Wind of the night of winter—blown from a
starless track,

Whispering there in the Darkness, where the
shadows whisper back,

Why must you haunt my casement, under the
rain-wet eaves,

With voices of ghosts forgotten in the rustle of
withered leaves?

Wind of the night of winter—calling to me as
you creep,

Whispering there in the shadows where the dark
of the night is deep;

Crying of days forgotten—sighing for dreams
long sped,

Why must you blow gray ghosts again from
graves of the vanished dead?

'And there is a Voice in the shadows—a Voice
from a vanished day—

A song from the heart of Springtime blown from
the fields of May;

Clear as a woodland ripple from the roll of a
silver stream,

Till the Night is sweet with the music and the
Dark with an old, old dream.

Wind of the night of winter—here I have come
for rest—

For peace in the gloom of my lonesome room as
a worn bird seeks its nest;

Why must you haunt my casement, under the
rain-wet eaves

With voices of ghosts forgotten in the rustle of
withered leaves?

WHEN SUMMER DAYS WERE LONG

"He'd nothing but his violin—I'd nothing but my song—

Yet we were wed when skies were blue and summer days were long"—

In Life's Lost Gardens through the years
The Dreamer still seeks vanished ways
That lead through heartache and through tears
Into the drift of Yesterdays;
To Yesterdays when dreams came true
And two, apart from all the throng,
Meet once again when skies are blue
And summer days are long.

Once more he walks the old-time lanes,
And in the dream that follows there
Puts "blood of roses in her veins,"
"Spins yellow sunshine for her hair";

While growing shadows blur the view
He hears once more an old-time song—
He only knows that skies are blue
And summer days are long.

Once more he drifts out from the fight,
'And leaves his place amid the game;
Beyond the purple haze of night
He turns his burdened back on fame;
In vain the future sings its due
Of glory with the brave and strong;
He only cares that skies are blue
'And summer days are long.

In Life's dim Garden, one by one,
We seek again some vanished day;
That calls us, when our Youth is done,
Across the Fields of Far Away;
Through gray lost years when dreams came true
'And each one followed some old song;

When Life but knew that skies were blue
And summer days were long.

THE LEAGUE OF ONCE-UPON-A-TIME

Once upon a time I knew
A freckled, bare-foot fellow who
Knew life but as a summer's dream—
A song that came from bird or stream—
Who knew the world but as a place
 The yellow sunshine bathed in light,
Or where the rosebud showed its face
 Amid the dew of morning bright;
A place where morning held its prime—
But that was “once upon a time.”

And once upon a time I knew
The same far little fellow, who
Looked out upon the world with faith
And endless hope—nor saw the wraith

That loomed above him through the years—
The wraith of dreams that wandered down
The shadowed way of sighs and tears
And vanished in the far-off town;
He saw the dream but in its prime—
But that was “once upon a time.”

WHEN CHRISTMAS CALLS

Christmas has called—and I want to go home;
Christmas has whispered—and out through the
night
There's something which beckons to us who must
roam
Far from the berries of scarlet and white;
There's something which beckons—and out on
the road
We follow the way of a dream that is old,
And weary the travel and heavy the load
Of those who may never turn back to the fold.

I want to go back to the day where at dawn
A tow-headed youngster rushed forth with a
whoop
To the clarion call of the Little Tin Horn
And the roll of the drum as it summoned its
troop
Of the tin soldiered legion with muskets agleam,
Serried and straight in an unbroken row—
I want to go back where a fellow can dream
Of Christmas like that in the Longtime Ago.

THE SORT OF A GIRL WE USED
TO KNOW

(*To a friend who desires to know what type of
book we might like for Christmas.*)

This is a book that I want from you—
Where red Romance comes slashing by;
Of a pirate ship with a cut-throat crew
Led on by the Mate with an Evil Eye;

Or, an old-fashioned girl from the long ago
Who isn't a "chicken" nor yet a "queen,"
But the sort of a girl we used to know—
Or have you forgotten the sort I mean?

I want Her a thousand leagues away
From a cabaret or a Broadway show,
Put back again in the fields of May,
The sort of a girl we used to know—
An old-fashioned sort that we can't forget
When a lost dream moves through the night
of fears,
Of apple blossoms—and mignonette—
Blown once more from the rose-sweet years.

I want a book for a winter night
When the long, gray evenings gather down,
Where I can read of a slashing fight
Or dream again of a country town,

Where the old-time maples sway and croon
Lost lullabies from the long ago;
Where I can dream of a vanished moon—
And the sort of a girl we used to know.

A SONG THAT'S OUT OF DATE

Let's sing an old-time song again,
Of good, old-fashioned days;
A song that leads us back again
To Life's long vanished ways;
Back where a cabin crowns the lane
And in the fading light
Of where a waiting mother calls
Her kid in from the night.

Let's sing an old-time song again
Amid these ribald tunes;
Of all the rose-sweet dreams that swept
Across the moon-red Junes;

Of one who held an ancient sway
Beneath remembered skies,
With apple blossoms in Her drift,
And Morning in Her eyes.

Let's sing an old-time melody
Of laughter or of tears;
A song of simple sentiment
From out the vanished years;
A song that doesn't reek with slime
Nor pitch its tone to laud
The dance hall's drunken revelry—
The red haunts of the bawd.

POOR LITTLE DEVIL

Poor little devil, ragged in the street,
On an endless journey out the way of weary feet;
Lonesome in the darkness, toiling in the light,
One among the workers in the struggle and the
fight;

Little time to dream in—little less for play,
Never knows the meaning of a boyland holiday;
Poor little devil, only wish that I
Knew a way to help him, as he wanders by.

Poor little devil, fighting it alone,
Funny that he's whistling such a cheery tone;
Little time to dream in—little time to play,
Funny he keeps singing so blithely on the way;
Queer he doesn't understand what a ragged trick
Life has turned upon him that he doesn't ever
kick;
Funny he is happier than so many seem
With a lot of time to play and loaf about and
dream;
Poor little fellow—only wish that I
Knew a way to help him, as he whistles by.

THE STORY OF THE ROSE

She cut me loose from my swaying stem
In the sweep of the silver dew;
She took me away from my garden home
And the old-time friends I knew;
Away from the fold of my crimson clan
Through a hallway, dark and cool,
Where she buried my thirsty, drooping lips
In the depths of a crystal pool

She brought me forth in the twilight's shade
With a smile, as her red lips pressed
Against my own, and her eyes were bright
As my head leaned to her breast;
And together we wandered forth again
Where the moon danced through the trees,
And the breath of my clan came back to me
On the drift of the twilight breeze.

Our pathway led to the garden gate,
When out through the moonlight clear
Another came up the winding road
With an old-time song of cheer;
And side by side on the rustic bench
They sat where the stars shone dim,
And when he left for the road again
He took me away with him.

* * * *

He opened the dusty book one night
Where I had lain through the years;
And his eyes, half closed in the lonesome room,
Looked down through the mist of tears;
And he held me there till the gray dawn swept
The shadow away with its gleams—
“Ashes of roses—” I heard him say—
“Ashes of roses—and dreams.”

OVER THE WAYS

Where the birds and the blossoms
Used to wait,
There with Her
At the Morning Gate;
In the old, old days
Of the glow and gleam,
Of love and light
And a summer's dream—
I wonder if ever
She cares to know
That over the years
Which have vanished so,
Some one still turns
From a lonesome night,
To a rose-red dream
In a land of light?

That one still looks
To the tryst of old,
By the rose-rimmed gate
'And the path of gold?

I wonder if ever
'Across the years,
As the long day wanes
'And the gray dusk nears—
As in a glint
From a purple sea,
The star dust drifts
Through the maple tree—
I wonder if ever
She thinks again,
Of a dream that was—
Or—might have been?
When the world was sweet
At the dream day's close

With the drift of bloom
And the breath of rose?
Do dead dreams rise
At the dusk for Her
And call again
Of the days that were?

IN FAR OFF LANDS

In Far Off Lands today where lost paths run
A Little Boy looks up into God's sky,
Through apple blossoms swaying in the sun
That drift as summer southwinds whisper by;
And as he looks upon his face there comes
The light that only fame's white dream can
yield,
To him who hears far off the roll of drums,
The silver bugle calling to the field.

I watch him leave the happy fields he knew,
The waving grasses and the wide, kind sky,

The harvest song that winds and echoes through
Lost summer days of sunshine drifting by;
The paths of faith and honesty and truth,
To follow through the mire of doubt and greed
And tangled ways that lead so far from youth,
That sent him forth to where his dream might
lead.

From Far Off Lands that hold their place apart
I see him take the gray trail of the years—
Struggling and stumbling—weary, sick at heart,
Groping in blindness through the night of fears
With outstretched hands that still reach for a
dream
That lures and leads and beckons—yet still
keeps
Dim in the distance—as a light that streams
Beyond far vales where endless darkness
creeps.

Nearer and nearer, from the throng apart
I see him fighting blindly in the fray,
With mighty pity surging through my heart
That one should be so far from off the way,
So far from that dim dream youth left behind,
With none to show the proper road to fare,
Until, with sudden start, I wake to find
Him whom I pitied sitting in my chair.

LOST LANES

It's morning in the fields again—
The light is on the lane
That winds out from the cabin
To the drift of waving grain;
And God's blue sky swings over
The meadow and the moor
Where the sweet breath of the clover
Ripples through the cabin door;

But in the Lonesome City—the smoke has blurred
the sky,

And the southwind's only whisper is the echo of
a sigh.

The light is on the fields today—

Above the grinding throng
That crowds the city's borders

Drifts the plowman's morning song;
The silver streams are singing

Where the gray, rock-fretted rills
Reëcho from the valleys

To the maples on the hills;
But in the Lonesome City—the endless shadows

creep

Where the day of song is over and the weary
come to weep.

Far, far away the fields today
Call back across the years,

'And we who hear look backward through
The heavy mist of tears;
We see the old road winding
From the cabin in the lane
'Across the Land of Morning
To the drift of waving grain—
But in the Lonesome City—a shadow blurs the
sky
And the southwind's only whisper is the echo
of a sigh.

THE ALIEN

They called him Alien—him who knew
No tie to bind within one home—
No place to rest beneath God's Blue,
But one who must forever roam;
No light to beckon in the night—
No voice to plead—to call him back;
No long remembered lanes of light
To wait when he might seek the track.

They call him Alien—and he smiled
As one who comes to know at last—
To know that what far place beguiled
Was Home for him till he had passed;
They called him Alien—him who knew
The way of every wind that roams—
Who, wandering beneath God's Blue,
Held in his heart a thousand homes.

WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

When Spring comes back—old dreams come, too,
Across the starlight and the dew,
From vanished years and distant ways
Through many, many yesterdays—
Dreams that in winter's sweep of snow
We thought had passed forever by,
But when the south wind whispers low
And God's blue gets back in the sky

Where bud and bloom crown vale and hill
We find them waiting for us still.

Sometimes they seek us in the breath
From lilac bush along the lane;
Sometimes they bring back Life from Death
Through some old song—some dim refrain—
Or yet—a rosebud in the rain
Will beckon to our startled gaze,
And back again by vanished ways
We thread lost Twilights to the dew
Of Love's sweet Morning that we knew
In some far blossom-scented Spring
When gypsy hearts went wandering.

And then—they come to us and wait
At dusk beside the garden gate,
And from the drifting shadows there
They weave a well-remembered face—

A red rose gathered in her hair—

A smile that sweeps through time and space—

And in the whisper of the trees

A voice drifts back upon the breeze—

As tender and as soft and sweet

As winds that ripple through the wheat

And stir again dead memories.

They seek us in the morning sun—

Then follow still when day is done—

In song or blossom or the mist

Of rain that gathers from the hills—

Gray shadows beckon to the tryst

That waits beyond rock-fretted rills,

Until, like vagabonds adrift,

We wander back across the ways

To seek again the vanished shift

Of Life in Love's dim yesterdays.

SEPTEMBERS AGO

How many—how many Septembers ago—
Only the God of the Dreamer may know,
When out from the Border of Summer we came,
Where the bud and the blossom were wilting
away,
And the roses that crimsoned the wall in a flame
Were gray as the ashes of dead dreams are
gray—
When out from the Border of Summer we passed
And the dream of a Dreamer was over at last.

And summer will come with its starlight and dew,
But never the summer of dream that we knew ;
For still on the night when the winds whisper
low,
And the gray ghosts of roses come down from
the wall,

There's an echo that comes as the faint breezes
blow

In a voice from the silence where gray shadows
fall—

How many—how many Septembers ago—
Only the God of the Dreamer may know.

FROM THE LONG ROAD

When I come home again—
To ghosts and shadows of a vanished day;
When I have seen old faces there, and when
I've journeyed down some well-remembered way,
The pathway to the river—and the lane
Which still holds dreams one life cannot forget—
Through purple dusks and aisles of April rain—
And maybe someone who remembers yet—

I wonder if the sun will seem as gold
As I once knew it in the days gone by?

I wonder if the paths I knew of old
Will wind beneath as deep and blue a sky
As I once loved before I went away?
Or if the songs of birds will seem as sweet—
The bluebird's call—the catbird's roundelay—
As when I wandered down the old home beat?

When I come home again—
Back from the long, long road of toil and strife,
Where pallid faces haunt the ways of men
And brotherhood is war unto the knife;
Back to the blossoms' canopy of gleam,
Where pink and white the tangled blooms lay
 curled

Before the wastrel winds had blown the dream
That led me to the City of the World—

I wonder, when the twilight shadows fall
Just as the moon has climbed the ancient hill,

Out by the gate where roses guard the wall—
I wonder if I'll find YOU waiting still,
Remembering me the weary seasons through
With eyes aglow just as you waited then?
I wonder if the joy will be yours, too,
When I come home again?

SONGS OF COURAGE

FROM THE HIGHWAY

For a gift—the grip of your hand,
A word that may cheer or guide;
A friendly hail from the band,
Godspeed where the trails divide;
Then on through the sun and rain,
Then on through the wind and snow;
What is there else to gain?
What is there left to know?

For a gift—your smile through the gray
Dim dusk of the rover's heather;
“Good luck”—that you call my way,
Or a friendly beaker together;
Then on through the wind and snow,
Then on through the sun and rain;
What is there else to know?
What is there left to gain?

THE CALL OF THE UNBEATEN

We know how rough the road will be,

How heavy here the load will be,

We know about the barricades that wait along
the track;

But we have set our soul ahead

Upon a certain goal ahead

And nothing left from hell to sky shall ever
turn us back.

We know how brief all fame must be,

We know how crude the game must be,

We know how soon the cheering turns to jeer-
ing down the block;

But there's a deeper feeling here

That Fate can't scatter reeling here,

In knowing we have battled with the final
ounce in stock.

We sing of no wild glory now,
Emblazoning some story now
 Of mighty charges down the field beyond some
 guarded pit;
But humbler tasks befalling us,
Set duties that are calling us,
 Where nothing left from hell to sky shall ever
 make us quit.

BRAVE LIFE

I do not know what I shall find on out beyond
 the final fight;
I do not know what I shall meet beyond the last
 barrage of night;
Nor do I care—but this I know—if I but serve
 within the fold
And play the game—I'll be prepared for all the
 endless years may hold.

Life is a training camp at best for what may wait
beyond the years;

A training camp of toiling days and nights that
lean to dreams and tears;

But each may come upon the goal, and build his
soul above all Fate

By holding an unbroken faith and taking Cour-
age for a mate.

Is not the fight itself enough that man must look
to some behest?

Wherein does Failure miss Success if all en-
gaged but do their best?

Where does the Victor's cry come in for wreath
of fame or laureled brow

If one he vanquished fought as well as weaker
muscle would allow?

If my opponent in the fray should prove to be a
stronger foe—

Not of his making—but because the Destinies
ordained it so;
If he should win—and I should lose—although I
did my utmost part,
Is my reward the less than his if he should strive
with equal heart?

Brave Life, I hold, is something more than driv-
ing upward to the peak;
Than smashing madly through the strong, and
crashing onward through the weak;
I hold the man who makes his fight against the
raw game's crushing odds
Is braver than his brothers are who hold the
favor of the gods.

On by the sky line, faint and vague, in that Far
Country all must know,
No laurel crown of fame may wait beyond the
sunset's fading glow;

But life has given me the chance to train and
serve within the fold,
To meet the test—and be prepared for all the
endless years may hold.

BALLADE OF THE GAMEFISH

“Only the gamefish swims upstream.”

—COLONEL JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

Where the puddle is shallow, the weakfish stay
To drift along with the current's flow;
To take the tide as it moves each day
With the idle ripples that come and go;
With a shrinking fear of the gales that blow
By distant coasts where the Great Ports gleam;
Where the far heights call through the silver
glow,

“Only the gamefish swims upstream.”

Where the shore is waiting, the minnows play,
Borne by the current's undertow;

Drifting, fluttering on their way,
Bound by a fate that has willed it so;
In the tree-flung shadows they never know
How far they have come from the old, brave
dream;
Where the wild gales call from the peaks of snow,
“Only the gamefish swims upstream.”

Where the tide rolls down in a flash of spray
And strikes with the might of a bitter foe,
The shrimp and the sponge are held at bay
Where the dusk winds call and the sun sinks
low;
They call it Fate in their endless woe
As they shrink in fear when the wild hawks
scream
From the crags and crests where the great thorns
grow,
“Only the gamefish swims upstream.”

Held with the current the Fates bestow,
The driftwood moves to a sluggish theme,
Nor heeds the call which the Far Isles throw,
“Only the gamefish swims upstream.”

THE TRAINERS

My name is Trouble—I’m a busy bloke—
I am the test of Courage—and of Class—
I bind the coward to a bitter yoke,
I drive the craven from the crowning pass;
Weaklings I crush before they come to fame,
But as the red star guides across the night,
I train the stalwart for a better game;
I drive the brave into a harder fight.

My name is Hard Luck—wrecker of rare
dreams—
I follow all who seek the open fray;
I am the shadow where the far light gleams
For those who seek to know the open way;

Quitters I break before they reach the crest,
But where the red field echoes with the drums,
I build the fighter for the final test
And mold the brave for any drive that comes.

My name is Sorrow—I shall come to all
To block the surfeit of an endless joy;
Along the Sable Road I pay my call
Before the sweetness of success can cloy;
And weaker souls shall weep amid the throng
And fall before me, broken and dismayed;
But braver hearts shall know that I belong
And take me in, serene and unafraid.

My name's Defeat—but through the bitter fight,
To those who know, I'm something more than
friend;
For I can build beyond the wrath of might
And drive away all yellow from the blend;

For those who quit, I am the final blow,
But for the brave who seek their chance to
learn,
I show the way, at last, beyond the foe,
To where the scarlet flames of triumph burn.

ON BEING READY

The man who is there with the wallop and punch,
The one who is trained to the minute,
May well be around when the trouble begins,
But you seldom will find he is in it;
For they let him alone when they know he is there
For any set part in the ramble,
To pick out the one who is shrinking and soft
And not quite attuned to the scramble.

The one who is fixed for whatever they start
Is rarely expected to prove it;
They pass him along for the next shot in sight
Where they take a full wind-up and groove it;

For who wants to pick on a bulldog or such
Where a quivering poodle is handy,
When he knows he can win with a kick or a brick
With no further trouble to bandy?

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

If I may call you friend, I wish you this—
No gentle destiny throughout the years;
No soft content, or ease, or unearned bliss
Bereft of heartache where no sorrow nears,
But rather rugged trouble for a mate
To mold your soul against the coming blight,
To train you for the ruthless whip of fate
And build your heart up for the bitter fight.

If I may call you friend, I wish you more—
A rare philosophy no man may fake,
To put the game itself beyond the score
And take the tide of life as it may break;

To know the struggle that a man should know
Before he comes through with the winning hit,
And, though you slip before the charging foe,
To love the game too well to ever quit.

If I may call you friend, I wish this, too,
As you grope blindly out the narrow beat,
That you may have one old-time dream come true,
Which is one more than most men ever meet;
That you will hold this as a worthy prize
For all the traps with which the course was
lined,
Not scorning it with too ambitious eyes
That look for something you can never find.

ON TO THE END

The path is closed across the years
That lead again to April's day;
The trail is shadowed by life's tears
Where Youth and Spring have passed away;

And only Winter now remains
Of phantom dream and vanished friend,
But on across its barren plains
I hold my course unto the end.

Well may the April stalwart boast
Whose road still lies by May and June;
With no dream yet turned to a ghost—
Where yet Ambition pipes her tune;
Where Life and Love yet have a song,
Where cheering voices call afar,
And where the winding way along
No storm-blown shades of darkness bar.

Well may he sing his battle hymn,
Beyond the April fields of Youth;
Well may he face the future dim
Who yet, some day, must face the Truth;
Well may he keep the road that leads
Unto the goal that he has set,

Who, from the tangled codes and creeds,
May still remember—or forget.

But I have come across the years
To stand beneath a Winter sky;
Behind me, through the blur of tears,
The dim, far fields of April lie;
The Winter snow upon my head
Has fallen now—sans dream or friend—
But through the storms or shadows sped
I hold my course unto the end.

THE LAST OF ALL

*“Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Whether it's Heaven—or whether it's Hell—
Or whether it's merely Sleep;
Or whether it's something in between
Where ghosts of the half-gods creep—

Since it comes but once—and it comes to all—

On the one fixed, certain date—

Why drink of the dregs till the Cup arrives

On the gray day set by Fate?

One by one till the line has passed—

The gutter-born—and the crown;

So what is a day—or a year or two—

Since the answer's written down?

What is a day to a million years

When the last winds sound their call?

So here's to the days that rest between—

'And here's to the last of all!

ON DOWN THE ROAD

Hold to the course, though the storms are about

you;

Stick to the road where the banner still flies;

Fate and his legions are ready to rout you—

Give 'em both barrels—and aim for their eyes.

Life's not a rose bed, a dream or a bubble,
A living in clover beneath cloudless skies;
And Fate hates a fighter who's looking for
trouble,
So give 'im both barrels—and shoot for the
eyes.

Fame never comes to the loafers and sitters,
Life's full of knots in a shifting disguise;
Fate only picks on the cowards and quitters,
So give 'im both barrels—and aim for the eyes.

THE HOUR HAND

“What time is it?”
It’s time to move
From out the stolid-bordered frame;
It’s time to rustle from the groove
And beat it back into the game;
It’s time to edge in with a start
That’s just a trifle more than bluff,

And, whatsoever be the part,
To give the game your keenest stuff.

“What time is it?”

It's time to fight;
To rally up the hosts of cheer,
And, in the face of bitter night,
To wipe away the useless tear.

It's time to meet the foe called Fate
With valiant heart and head held high,
And whatsoever score may wait,
It's time to can the alibi.

“What time is it?”

It's time to be
Out there among the battling throng;
It's time to set your honor free
From any taint of shame or wrong;
It's time to be upon the square,
And, when you've cut in with your best,

You'll find, out in the far Somewhere,
It's time enough to take your rest.

THE BRAVER WAY

Behind us rest the drifting years
Of soft content—and fame;
For we now take the way of those
Who play the braver game;
Who drive head-on against red Fate,
Along the storm-swept shore;
Who drive, red-hearted, down the field,
Regardless of the score.

Behind us wait old-fashioned ways,
The lilac time of life,
When all we knew were purple drifts.
Beyond the sweep of strife;
But we have found the answer now
Among the waiting brave,

Who only know the final goals
Of glory—or the grave.

And Love shall meet us with a rose,
And necklacing our dreams,
Soft arms shall seek to hold us back
Along the singing streams;
And Failure's legions sweep our lines
From front and flank and rear
Through sunless days of bitterness—
Through starless nights of fear.

And we shall mark our trail beyond
The dreams that we have lost,
Where we shall hold the open road
Nor count the bitter cost;
Content to know when each stark soul
Has passed the outpost stars,
The Scorer counts no medals there—
He only counts the scars.

WHATEVER ODDS THERE ARE

Give me but room to fight my way,
I ask no other gift from Fate;
Though it should crowd on me at bay,
Where only ghosts and shadows wait.

Shadows of old defeats blown by,
Ghosts of old dreams drawn from life's pit;
Yet all I ask is room to try
And prove Fate cannot make me quit.

No glint of glory from the height,
No flare of fame to call me far;
Merely the ground to make my fight
Against whatever odds there are.

AS FOR SERVICE RENDERED

To look Fate in the face,
However grim and dark—
To take the game's worst break,
And hold the vital spark—

To throw soft flesh aside,
Where Trouble rules the fray,
Nor make one lone complaint
Along the harder way—

Can you, who've drifted long,
Be ready at the call
To swim upstream again,
Whatever may befall?

For service also means
The courage to endure,
Where those who come through fire
Shall find the only cure.

THE TOP O' THE WORLD

(*Upon the discovery of the North Pole.*)

In the land where the Four Winds start their
march out the trail of a lonesome beat—
Where the gray sun wheels in a six months' day
and the dawn and the twilight meet—

Where the Great Nail drives to the Southern
Pole—to the storms and the stars unfurled—
The Star Spangled Banner waves at last from its
staff at the Top o' the World!

'A shadow falls on the Arctic snows—and a rip-
pling roll of red
Reels out to the nearest world beyond the tale of
the ages sped;
With only the stars of God above that gleam on
a crest empearled—
At the End of Things, Old Glory waits at last
from the Top o' the World!

The Gray Winds swerve in a startled sweep from
the path where the way lay clear
Since the first faint breeze crept forth from Time
on the trail of a Phantom Sphere;
From the whip and flap of a Flag high-flown—
to the storms and the stars unfurled—

Where the Stars and Stripes in their place at last
are set at the Top o' the World!

At the Top o' the World! From the curve that
bends to the land of the Southern Cross—

By the white bleached bones of the brave that
died—by the land where the palm trees toss—
Over the wind and the rain and the sea—borne
through the midnight gate—

Under the Great White Throne of God—the Stars
and the Stripes await!

BALLAD OF THE BRAVE

We have loved—but we have lost—

We have fought—but we have failed;

We have paid the bitter cost,

Yet our hearts have never quailed;

We have fallen in the fray

Through the sweep of countless suns,

Yet we've risen—and today

We are standing to the guns!

We have dreamed throughout the night—
 Not of glory without end,
But the whirlwind of the fight
 Which the coming day would send;
We were tempted—and we fell
 To the bitter depths—and then
From the very maw of hell
 We have struggled back again.

THE ANSWER

When the battle breaks against you and the
 crowd forgets to cheer
When the Anvil Chorus echoes with the essence
 of a jeer;
When the knockers start their panning in the
 knocker's nimble way
With a rap for all your errors and a josh upon
 your play—

There is one quick answer ready that will nail
them on the wing;

There is one reply forthcoming that will wipe
away the sting;

There is one elastic come-back that will hold
them, as it should—

Make good.

No matter where you finish in the mix-up or the
row,

There are those among the rabble who will pan
you anyhow;

But the entry who is sticking and delivering the
stuff

Can listen to the yapping as he giggles up his
cuff;

The loafer has no come-back and the quitter no
reply

When the Anvil Chorus echoes, as it will,
against the sky;

But there's one quick answer ready that will
wrap them in a hood—
Make good.

WHEN THUMBS ARE DOWN

You'll find that most of them around
Would rather knock than boost;
You'll find the poisoned barbs come thick
The higher that you roost;
But you can gather in this balm
And cherish it as such—
They rarely ever pan a man
Who doesn't matter much.

You'll find the Anvil Chorus rules
The bulk of any map;
You'll find that very few of them
Pass up a chance to rap;

But you can take this to your soul
And let it dally there,
They very rarely pan a man
Who doesn't get somewhere.

You'll find the game is quite inclined
To kick in with the barb,
No matter what the line-up is,
No matter what the garb;
But you can also figure this
And let the tiding spread,
They rarely ever rap a guy
Who never shows his head.

THE WAY OF THE WINNING TRIBE

You know, of course, how honor comes—
How glory lasts, for tribe or man;
And not by adding up the sums
To cover any golden span;

Nor yet by padding out the fat
Of bulging waist and burly neck,
Nor reaching soft contentment that
Must turn all fiber to a wreck.

For honor comes and glory lasts
Through Service to the Vital Cause—
Through Service—as it boldly casts
Its plea beyond all other laws;
Through harder training for the test
As any man, or nation, should,
With soul enough to give its best,
And give it for the common good.

The goal waits—not so far away—
For those who pay the price to win,
Who throw their souls into the fray
And stick, until the score is in;
For those who fear to meet the bill
Where service, pain and life are one,

The road is open to them still
From Nineveh to Babylon.

THE YEAR BEYOND

We've skidded along and we've stalled and quit;
We have bungled the job—and have called it
Fate;

We've made ten errors to each clean hit
As Old Doc Time kept cutting the plate;
With the goal ahead we have looked behind
Or piked along with but half a heart;
We've lost the track where we charged in blind,
But—here's a chance for another start.

We've got our bumps where it hurt the most
As we dug for the Grand Old Alibi;
Or we've charged head down through the brok-
en host
With never a turn for an old pal's cry;

We've floundered through many a boggy stew
But Old Doc Tempus has done his part,
He has slipped us a leaf that is clean and new,
So here's a chance for another start.

SONGS OF THE OFF-TRAIL

SOMEWHERE OUT

Somewhere out

From the toil and grind,

Somewhere out

Where the road is kind;

Somewhere out

Where green trails wait

For weary feet

Through the city's gate;

From the snarl and tangle

In marts of trade

To the peace of God

In the open shade;

Through the purple dusk—

Through the silver dew,

Where the rose-sweet dreams

Of the years come true.

Somewhere out—

And we who drive

The soul and heart

Through the city's hive,

Where life is bound

In the city walls

Have little care

Where the Red Road calls—

Or little choice

Where the trail may wait

So that it leads

From the city's gate;

To the sea-girt east

Or the northern snows;

To the sunlit west

Or the southern rose.

Somewhere out

From the grip of greed—

Somewhere out
As the road may lead;
Out where the winds
Of the world may drift
As the burdens fall
And the shadows lift;
Wherever the peace
Of God may wait
And love shall come
To the Twilight Gate;
Through the purple dusk—
Through the silver dew,
Where the rose-sweet dreams
Of the years come true.

CHRISTMAS ON THE OFF-TRAIL.

We thought we had forgotten all the years that
lie behind us;
And though the vision beckons through the
years that wait ahead,

The white and scarlet berries of the season still
remind us

That dreams were merely sleeping which we
thought forever dead.

For, vagabonds, it's Christmas,

And the clans are congregating;

O, vagabonds, it's Christmas,

And we've come so far away;

And in the lonesome shadows

They are waiting, waiting, waiting

For those who've lost the road that leads

To Home and Christmas Day.

We met our mate, the tramping wind, and so we
let it lead us

From one with rose-blood in her veins and
sunshine in her hair;

It called us from a mother who we thought
would never need us

Until the gray December winds brought in
her silent prayer.

For Christmas on the Off-trail
Isn't what we used to think it;
The little horns are calling
With the roll-beat of the drum;
And as we lift our mocking toast
And sullenly we drink it,
A kid calls "Mother—mother"—
And we know how far we've come.

Gray ghosts across the drifting years, they come
upon our dreaming,
The kids we used to know before we knew the
rover's fate,
The little stockings by the hearth, the mother
love a-streaming
From weary eyes that look in vain beyond an
old-time gate.

O, vagabonds, tomorrow
We will start with rag and pack again;
And leave a merry song behind
Without a parting word;
But now we'd give our souls to know
The Christmas highway back again,
To whisper "Mother—mother"—
And to know that she had heard.

WITH THE TRAMPING WINDS

"To meet my mate, the wind, that tramps the world."

—KIPLING.

You and I and the rest of us,
Who are driftwood down the world—
Who are merely mates to the tramping wind
As the drifting breeze is whirled—
We, too, have dreams as the dusk comes on
And our weary mate dies down,

But it isn't a dream of name or fame
We missed in the dreary town.

We know, gaunt tramps of the passing years,
What the dusk dream is that calls,
And it isn't of glory we have missed
Far off in the city walls ;
But the old, old dream of sun-spun hair
And eyes of the violet stain,
And a pair of lips with the crimson glow
Of the rosebud rinsed in rain.

We might have fought and we might have won,
But that isn't here or there ;
We might have stayed till the laurel came,
But that isn't worth a care ;
But vagabonds at the edge of dusk,
We know what we've come to miss
When ghosts of children that might have been
Come for their good-night kiss.

A VOICE FROM THE DUSK

Here's another one on—yes, another Thanksgiving,

For those of us lucky enough to be living,
So let us get maudlin, as vagabonds will,
Who are long on self-pity and hitting the pill,
Or pulling old dreams that are all out of rhyme,
Forgotten, long-vanished, or dusty with Time.

Old dreams from the years that are now dim,
undated,

Of home—and a mother—and some one who
waited

To greet our return from the laurel-grown track,
But who waited in vain, for we lost the way
back,

Or, enmeshed in the game with the hands dealt
by Fate,

The clock struck again—and we found it too
late.

Thanksgiving—well, even a hapless tailender
Should have at least something of thanks he can
render,
And though off the trail that we once hoped to
know,
We might have been under it—six feet or so;
So here in the light where the phantoms dis-
perse,
Here's looking—and thanks—that it wasn't all
worse.

THE LAST INN

You have come to the end of the highway,
Traveler,
Here where the Last Inn waits;
You have turned at last from the byway, Trav-
eler,
In through the Twilight Gates;
And we who know where your way has led
Shall drink tonight where the wine runs red

To one who has only gone ahead
Through lines of the phantom fates.

You have come to the end of the Long Road,
Traveler,
Here where the stars gleam pale;
And there's never a chance it's the wrong road,
Traveler,
Winding beyond the vale;
So we shout to you, where the many weep,
"Good luck to you where the shadows creep,
Godspeed to you where the dreams are deep—
Till we, too, come to the trail."

WHEN APRIL CALLS

Now that Young April's back again
Where Spring has melted out the snow,
Why should we dally longer here
Who have so far to go?

Why should we dally longer now
To find where deeper pleasures dwell?
Since life can show but these two things—
A hail and a farewell.

ALONG A FRIENDLY ROAD

Driftwood, dreamer, vagabond,
And all your motley crew,
I hereby yield my humble gift
To all the drift of you—
The friendly hail, the grip of hand,
That frame the rover's code,
And all the luck a tramp might have
Along a friendly road.

And if by chance there comes a time
When you might wish for me
A proper share of pleasant fate
Across the years to be—

What is there more to ask than this,
Within this brief abode,
A pal or two—a dream or two—
Along a friendly road?

THE VAGABOND SPEAKS

No foot of soil on this wide earth I own;
No hearthside calls me through the drifting
years;
No town, no state, no borderland may bring
Gray ghosts of dreams back to the living glow;
And yet I know the whole, wide world is mine—
The fields, the trees, the rivers and the sky,
And each far haunt to which my restless feet
Shall lead, if only for the night, is home.

There is no wealth to which I may lay claim;
No gold nor silver which the world holds dear;
And yet I hold the yellow gold which gleams
From summer's sunlight and the winter moon,

From each far star that lights my outbound
way;

And all the silver of the dew is mine
In violet vales and valleys of the dawn
Through which I wander with the ghosts of
dreams.

There is no kith nor kin nor human kind
To wonder when I come their way again.
Yet I am brother to the wandering winds,
And soul-kin to the roving rains that come
In slanting aisles to seek me from the hills;
Gray dusks of starlight and of sudden storms
Are friends enough when one has come to rest
Before tomorrow beckons further on.

THANKSGIVING FROM THE ROAD

Thanksgiving day! At countless boards the
home clan gathers face to face;

The circle forms and clan to clan they pledge
the kinship of the race;

So on the Off-trail you and I, old dog, shall lift
our glasses high—

To the Trail that follows an alien track—

To the Trail that never will carry us back;

And then to dream, when the dusk grows black,
a dream that will never die.

Thanksgiving day! Well, we, too, knew what
home meant in the years that were;

What home—as if it matters here where alien
shadows drift and blur—

So on the Off-trail, man to man, we'll still pledge
with a smiling eye

The Trail that beckoned us with its plea

From home and those we shall never see,

And then to dream, as it used to be, a dream
that will never die.

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

Here's to "The days that might have been";
Here's to "The life I might have led";
The fame I might have gathered in—
 The glory ways I might have sped.
Great "Might Have Been," I drink to you
 Upon a throne where thousands hail—
And then—there looms another view—
 I also "might have been" in jail.

O "Land of Might Have Been," we turn
 With aching hearts to where you wait;
Where crimson fires of glory burn,
 And laurel crowns the guarding gate;
We may not see across your fields
 The sightless skulls that knew their woe—
The broken spears—the shattered shields—
 That "might have been" as truly so.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen"—

So wails the poet in his pain—

The saddest are, "It might have been,"

And world-wide runs the dull refrain.

The saddest? Yes—but in the jar

This thought brings to me with its curse,

I sometimes think the gladdest are

"It might have been a blamed sight worse."

WITH RAG AND PACK

They have gripped us—you and me—in the
sweat heap of the throng;

They have chained us to the job—and we may
not break away;

And we may not follow now where the red road
winds along

Through the sun and wind and rain to the
edge of night and day.

They have gripped us—you and me—but our
dreams have snapped the chains,

And with rag and pack have left by the still
uncharted trails

Through the starlight and the storms—by the
mountain peaks and plains,

Where the seventh sea unrolls to a thousand
gleaming sails.

They may look on us as slaves or as captives of
the town,

But we'll laugh them back in scorn, though
our weary bodies bend,

As our free souls range the hills where the tor-
rents hurtle down

And we take an untrod path by a road that
knows no end.

We are off to come no more where our weary
bodies wait,

Through the grasses and the woods by an
ever-singing stream,
Through the wind and sun and rain on beyond
the city's gate,
Drifting vagabonds at home in the Romany of
dream.

O, YOU ROMANY!

Slip me the rag and pack,
The world-wide, open track,
The trail that leads from dawn to dusk across
the heart of life;
Only a song to sing
In light heart wandering
By vale and hill and mountainside beyond the
endless strife.

Where is the heart to stay
When the west wind calls "Away"—
When the east wind and the north wind and the
south wind in refrain

Plead in the early light—
Call through the gloom of night
Of byways and of highways through the sun-
shine and the rain?

No one to wonder when
I come this way again.

No one to watch and wait for me when I have
passed beyond;

No weary tears to shed
Because some dream is dead
Where every dawn shall send its dream to every
vagabond.

Where dull care leaves the mind
Free from the sudden grind,
Free as the drifting winds that romp by heather
and by foam,

While no set lamp shall burn
To wait for my return,
Yet each far strand I touch upon shall be the
Port of Home.

SPRING ON THE OFF-TRAIL

Come on, you vagabonds, and follow down the
way,

The red road that's leading to the crimson heart
of May;

And little we'll be caring if it's winter or it's
spring

As long as we can meet a pal or find a song to
sing.

Come on, you driftwood, and toss aside your
load,

Here's the Gate to Spring again and here's the
Open Road;

And never mind the rest of it—the blossom-bor-
dered thrills,

Where we can find a friendly hail that echoes
from the hills.

SONGS OF THE GAME

+

TWO OUT—AND THE BASES FULL—

Two out—and the bases full—

Three runs to win and two to tie;

And then, amid the boding lull,

Looms Jackson of the Batting Eye;

I watch the pitcher writhe and whirl

And shoot one from his mounded pen—

I see the white pill dart and curl

As Jackson's bludgeon swings—and then—

In that one moment through the stands

There runs—before the groans and cheers—

The taut grip of ten thousand hands—

The pulse leap of a thousand years;

The one great throbbing human call

Above all science, war, or love,

As crashing bat meets speeding ball

Or speeding ball meets waiting glove.

Here end the sorrows of the race—
All want and wretchedness and crime;
Where care must seek another place,
Where sin must hide another time;
Here where the heart's wiped clean and dry—
The drudge soul lifted from the pit
For those who wait for the reply—
A Strike-out—or a Two-base Hit?

WEAK WILLED

When the Sun, the Wind and the Rain
Call me out to the moors—
Beckon to hill and to plain
And the lure of the Great Out Doors—

When they speak of the Open Sky—
Of a Swing—and a Follow Through—
And the blue Hills echo the cry—
What else can a poor man do?

FROM THE GAME

Since I have seen the greatest fade
The game has ever known;
Since I have watched the stars who played
Drop out—and walk alone—
The game at least has taught me this,
From birth across to death,
That headlines are a fleeting bliss
And fame is but a breath.

A star renowned ties up the score,
Amid the frenzied calls,
But when you look for him once more
He's back with Cedar Falls;
But yesterday he ruled the field
And held the rooters' trust;
Tomorrow on the record shield
His name will be in dust.

The game will teach you quite a bit,
If you should care to learn,
How brief the space from peak to pit
When one has reached the turn;
And all the shifting seasons through
You'll find amid the plot,
How soon a Chance can fade from view,
A Walsh can be forgot.

AT SPORT'S FRONTIER

Let those who will seek out below the crowded
ways of earth,
The narrow road—the trodden trail around the
circle's girth;
Poor vagabonds who wander far the beaten path
along
To find the peace of solitude among the jostling
throng;

Where'er they go—where they may be,
By mead or hill or open sea,
The path is crossed—and out their day
The legion crowds them from the way
And holds them to the last—at bay.

But we, who seek the road above, have found
the Open Lane;
One with the wander winds of dawn—the drift-
ing sun and rain;
Our course is where the red stars call and where
the wild birds fly,
The only barrier we know is rimmed against the
sky;
Where'er we go by dusk or dawn
The open highway calls us on,
The trail is clear—and out through space
We meet the sunset face to face,
And know the Twilight's resting place.

The cities fade within the mist—a blur against
the plain,

Where air guns wait for us below to seek for
us in vain;

And then, above the rolling clouds, where death
comes riding by,

We meet our rival face to face against the end-
less sky;

The rifle speaks—the bullet sings
Its song of hate through mighty wings;
And then we see him lurch and reel
And flutter like a wounded teal,
To dip and vanish head and heel.

THE UNIVERSAL BOAST

I've heard the boast of the cities—
The boast of hamlet and town;
The chant of their civic virtues
Deserving the olive crown;

Some for their manufactures—

Others for this or that,

From New York over to Denver,

From Boston to Medicine Hat.

I've heard the boast of the cities,

But over the ringing call

One alone from the many

Echoes over them all;

Out of the medley chorus

Hark to the central theme—

"THIS IS A WONDERFUL BALL TOWN

—IF

THEY'LL GIVE US A WINNING TEAM."

THE CALL OF THE AGE

"Get in the Game"—so runs the call

Along the line of play,

When seasoned ash meets speeding ball

To drive it on the way;

Where base hits echo out the scene
Athwart the winning run—
Where flying spikes cut through the green
Which glistens in the sun.

“Get in the Game”—so runs the cry
Across the nation’s sweep;
Where flags are tossed against the sky
And silent shadows creep;
Where camp lights flicker in their glow
And pickets pass the sign—
To face whatever Fate may throw
Against the forming line.

“Get in the Game”—the old, old call
Has caught a newer note;
But still the ancient echoes fall
By mountain and by moat;
Where life is something more than dreams
And softer days have gone

Before the greater day that gleams
Against a redder dawn.

"Get in the Game"—the echo lifts
Beyond the grip of fate,
And farther still the slogan drifts
To where the legions wait;
The ancient slogan of the clan,
Where those have met before
To fill the line up, man by man,
And find the winning score.

TO JOHN HENRY WAGNER

(*Upon the Occasion of His Forty-third
Birthday.*)

I

Gee—
But I'd like to be
A kid like you, at forty-three—
Wrinkled, perhaps, and somewhat gray,

But still a kid—a kid at heart—
A player on the field of play,
Waiting another season's start—
Waiting still for the bell to ring—
At forty-three—Oh, gee—
For spring—an old-time spring—
Not of the spring the poets sing—
The spring of roses and old dreams—
But, rather, of the Crash and Bing,
Of two-base hits and winning teams—
The ancient roar
That echoes in a jubilee
When your long triple ties the score,
At forty-three.

II

Oh, boy—
If I could only know the joy
At forty-three,

Of waiting for a spring like that,
To take my place out in the game—
With spike and glove, with ball and bat,
While thirty thousand cheered by name—
To look Age in the face—and grin
The while I held Youth by the hand—
To play the game out—lose or win—
As only you can understand—
You, who still romp amid the clan
Of those unborn when you began.

III

At forty-three
I know where most of us will be—
Gouty and old—or fat and slow—
Dressed up, without a place to go
Along the royal road of play
In games that hold a nation's sway;
But you, still in the morning's sun,
Have only started—just begun—

You who, amid the long parade,
Saw Matty start and shine and fade—
Saw Waddell, Walsh and Chance and Brown
Rise up—make good—and then drop down,
Forgotten in each fickle town,
While you—
Well, back at forty-two,
No pitchers cheered the season through
When you came hulking into view.

IV

Some game—we know—
But you, who've seen them come and go,
Know how soon Youth runs into Age,
As, one by one, the old Bush calls,
As great names leave the Sporting Page
And even mighty Larry falls,
But you, alone,
Cling to the throne,

Not caring that the hour is late,
Defying Tide and Time and Fate;
Or, maybe, Hans, you must have known
That out the highway, mile by mile,
If you had faded, passed or flown,
The game would not have been worth while,
Baseball without Hans Wagner's name?—
Who'd care to see that sort of game?
A box score minus Wagner's hit?—
We couldn't even think of it!

V

Wars drift by—
Wars and rumors of war's alarm—
But the light still flames in your Batting Eye,
And the snap remains in your ancient arm;
For Time has beckoned you in vain—
Has called you with its yearly plea—
But you still hold your ancient reign
And stick around—at forty-three—

At forty-three—when most of them at thirty-four
Have long since faded from the push—
Have driven in their final score
Or drifted back into the Bush.

But you have never heard Time call,
Too busy out there playing ball,
Making a fancy stop or hit
Or all the bally rest of it.

VI

And so—

From all who love the game,
Here's to the glory of your fame—
Wave on, forever wave, Old Scout,
Safe from the Umpire's final "Out"—
You, who have found the fabled fount
Of Youth, and April's-yet-to-be—
You who have spurned Time's fatal count
To play the game at forty-three.

BALLADE OF BRUISERS

"Into the night go one and all."

—W. E. HENLEY.

Where are the burly fists that swayed
The raging millions—blow by blow?
The crashing jabs that each essayed
For cheering crowds to see and know?
Old John L.'s slam against the foe?
Jim Corbett's skill amid the brawl?
The brave—the big—the fast—the slow?
"Into the night go one and all."

War gods that led the Big Parade—
Where Ruby Robert got the dough;
Or out the regal cavalcade
Where Big Jeff ruled the fighting show;
Hail—Fighting Men—in battle glow!
No answer echoes to our call,
Save on the far wind's undertow—
"Into the night go one and all."

The curtain swings—the slam is made—
Far whirls the cheering, to and fro;
Fame stalks across the Open Glade
For stalwarts forming, row on row;
Jack Johnson? None might overthrow
This sable king's eternal thrall,
Until his time had come to know
“Into the night go one and all.”

So one by one they come and go
Nor heed amid the laureled stall,
Fame's vanished ghosts that whisper low
“Into the night go one and all.”

THE BUSH TO THE BIG LEAGUE

I send you my sons and my favorite ones,
The sons that I love the best;
I send them to you when I know they are due
And ready to tackle the test;

I send you my sons, but it isn't a gift,
It's merely a loan, for when
They have served out their day of "promotion
and pay"
They come to my arms again.
For they all come back to their Mother,
However the die is cast;
They gather the cheers of the radiant years
But the Bush is their home at last.
I reach them and enfold them, I make them and
mold them,
By fields of the East and West;
And then at the time of their ball playing prime
You take them away from my breast;
You give them acclaim at the height of their
fame,
In the glow of their youth—but when
They are broken and done and their glory is
spun
They come to my arms again.

For they all come back to their Mother,

However the die is cast;

They gather the cheers of the radiant years,

But they come to my arms at last.

They leave me to go where their glory's aglow

In the gleam of a mighty renown,

And their eyes see the light of a flag winning
fight

In the swirl of a major league town;

But speeding Time cries to the Mattys and Tys,

As well as the others—and then

As they turn to the truth from the rare dreams
of youth

They come to my arms again.

For they all come back to their Mother,

However the die is cast;

They gather the cheers of the radiant years,

But they come to my arms at last.

THE LAND OF PAR

X

There are days when my drives wing far,
When my iron shots clear the rut;
But then when I get on the green in two
I putt and I putt and I putt.

There are days when my chip shots roll
Like a Vardon's to the pin,
But I've missed my drive and I've taken six
At last when the putt drops in.

There are days when my putts run true
And straight to the waiting hole;
But these are the days when my mashie shots
Have shattered my aching soul.

Oh, gods of the golfer's realm,
Over the bunkered heather,
When is the day to come when I
Hook three fine shots together?

From over the mystic seas
The answer clears the foam—
“On the day St. Peter turns the key
And Heaven calls you home.”

THERE—UP—AND BACK

I

I saw him first a kid—
A hard, free-swinging devil in the Bush;
Fast as the winds that sweep the open plains,
As fast as the lightning flashes down the sky,
With rippling muscles wrought of tempered
steel,
Steel springs within his arm
And in his legs,
And in his face
The burning glow of Youth,
Raw Youth that turned his labor into play,
And made him romp and revel
Out the field

And laugh at errors that were but a part
Of all the fun
That he was having there.

II

And then I saw him in a higher league,
A kid just coming to know his worth,
Who looked ahead
And dreamed of Big League fame,
The plaudits of ten thousand raving fans,
And all the Hip-hip and the rest of it
That hailed "Another Cobb,"
A coming Tris,
With endless speed
And power for the peg.

III

I saw him next
When he had reached the top;
A mighty ruler in the Realm of Swat,
Where raving thousands

Cheered his regal sway
And all the world lay at his steel-shod feet;
Where blazing headlines
Gave his Batting Eye
High place with War
And armies on the march,
Or precedence above
Such tawdry things as diplomats and czars;
For he could hit
With any man that lived
And range afar for hits that others made,
And so for ten great years he held his place
And saw the world but in the flashing glow
Of easy fame
And royal circumstance.

IV

And then I saw the arm once made of steel
Begin to rust and crack and lose its snap;

I saw the drag that came upon his speed
As cheers turned into jeers
Where day by day
His waning blows popped into waiting hands ;
I saw the smile fade out upon his face
That turned, bewildered, to a crowd that once
Had been his friend, but now
Was shrieking "Take him out!"
"Back to the Bush, you bonehead, on the jump."
"Go get a crutch, go out somewhere and die!"
And still they wondered
Why he was a crab.

V

I saw him next
Back in the Bush again,
The circle finished and the journey done;
An old and broken man at thirty-three,
Who played as in a dream,

And who above
The taunting jeers that came
From tank town fans that jeered his labored play
Still heard from far away,
From other years,
The mighty roar of twenty thousand men
Who called upon him for the winning hit,
Who shrieked and stamped and howled their
mad acclaim
When from his bat the streaking missile flew;
His rough red hand was pulled across his eyes,
But still he could not wipe the dream away
Of some lost June
Back in another age
Where Youth, raw Youth,
Was sweeping him along,
Not mocking, in its course,
A faded dream.

VI

And still, within the stands, they sit and say,
"Well, pretty soft for that bird, getting paid
For having fun
Like this each afternoon."

THE CAUSE ETERNAL

Here exist the oldest words the hand of man has
written,
"Umpire's bum decision lost the game."
Penned long, weary years before Queen Cleo
Pat was bitten,
"Umpire's bum decision lost the game."
Shortstops may have booted six or seven easy
chances,
Batsmen may have popped to first or whiffed
in dull-eyed trances,

But next day in the public prints this line meets
angry glances—

“Umpire’s bum decision cost the game.”

Back in old Doc Homer’s day this line was sere
and yellow,

“Umpire’s bum decision lost the game.”

What is that resounding phrase young Spartans
used to bellow?

“Umpire’s bum decision lost the game.”

Fielders kick the ball about from season unto
season,

Pitchers tear off passes in a style that smacks
of treason,

But when the bally scrap is lost, you know the
final reason—

“Umpire’s bum decision cost the game.”

“EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY”

“Once in Persia ruled a King,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a motto true and wise
Which, when held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for any change or chance.
Solemn words—and these were they:
‘Even this shall pass away.’”

—OLD POEM.

Once in Eli ruled a “Camp”
Who each year produced a Champ,
Where crowds chortled “Atta Boy,”
At a Shevlin or a Coy,
Where he hurled the Crimson back
With the Orange and the Black,
Yet there echoed o'er the fray:
“Even this shall pass away.”

Unto Harvard's waning star
Came one day another Czar,
One who molded a machine
Without equal on the green;
One who made the Tiger quail,
One who put a dent in Yale;
But I heard the far winds say:
“Even this shall pass away.”

One by one I watch them fade
Back within the Spectral Glade—
Matty, Wagner, Brown and Kling,
Walsh and Bender on the wing;
And today we hear the mob
Clamor out the fame of Cobb;
Cobb who holds unbroken sway—
“Even this shall pass away.”

THE RECORD

When the Game is Done
And the Players creep
One by one
To the League of Sleep—
Deep in the Night
They may not know
The way of the fight,
The fate of the foe,
And the cheer that passed
From applauding bands
Is stilled at last—
But the Record stands.

The base hits made,
And the errors wrought;
How the Game was played—
How the fight was fought—

Though the Game be done
Where the Night is deep
And one by one
From the Field they creep—
Their day has passed
Through the Twilight Gates,
But the Scroll is cast
And the Record waits.

SCOTIA'S REBUTTAL

(*The last British amateur golf championship was won by J. L. C. Jenkins, of Troon, Scotland.*)

Aye there, MacPherson, it's just as it should be;
It's just as we knew in our hearts that it would
be;
It's just what we've waited and watched for long
years
As we stood to one side with our bottled-up
cheers;

But the Hiltons and Ouimets and Travers and
Balls

Are driven at last from the championship
stalls

As the May winds are lifting one toast in a
croon—

"To the health of our own Lawrie Jenkins, of
Troon."

Aye there, MacPherson, go round up the block—
Go fetch us in Jamie and Sandy and Jock,
For the thistle at last tops the shamrock and
rose

And the proud eagle flutters and flops with the
crows;

The game has come back to the land of its
birth,

To the mother that nursed it and gave it its
worth;

And we'll join in the chorus of May winds that
croon—

"To the health of our own Lawrie Jenkins, of
Troon."

We knew it, MacPherson—it came to our ken
That Scotia was due for her glory again;
For who was the race that first walloped the
pill

And baffed, hooked and stymied from valley to
hill?

And who was the race that first swung from the
tee

And planted a mashie shot dead for a "three"?
So we'll drink in the dream glow of St. An-
drew's moon

"To the health of our own Lawrie Jenkins, of
Troon."

PUMPELLY—OF YALE

(Who, with a minute left to play, took his place
as a substitute and kicked a 50-yard field goal
in a Yale-Princeton game.)

If you figure they've overplayed fiction,

Where substitutes rise in the fray

Without the least semblance of friction

And make the star play of the day—

If you figure such stuff is a breeder

Of yarns that are foolish or stale—

Just a moment, I beg of you, Reader—

Shake hands with Pumpelly of Yale.

When you read some impossible story

Of a Sub who was jammed in the game,

With one minute left where his gory

Companions were beaten in shame—

"He met the last hope like a fighter,

A full fifty yards without fail"—

Ere you start in to pan the poor writer—

Shake hands with Pumpelly of Yale.

“But one minute left for the battle,

When Smithers, the Sub, took his place—

His signal rang out with a rattle—

A boding hush fell on the place—

Thud! Boom! With a kick that was mulish

They saw the ball whirl up and sail”—

You say this is soppy and foolish?

Shake hands with Pumpelly of Yale.

AN OLD REFRAIN

“To the glory that was Greece,

‘And the grandeur that was Rome.”

—POE.

Out along an ancient track,

Where Fate takes its fickle spin,

Greece and Rome have drifted back

As the Bush has called them in;

So, amid the hit-and-miss,
We now shift the battle cry
To the glory that is Tris
And the grandeur that is Ty.

Greece once hit .484,
Rome poled out .493;
Each one knew the Winning Score
In the mighty jubilee;
Once they knew the buoyant bliss
Linked unto the Batting Eye,
Knew the glory that is Tris
And the grandeur that is Ty.

One and all fade from the frame,
Men and nations—through the fight—
Hold their brief span in the game
As they pass into the night;
But before they come to this—
Now, before their fame must fly—

Here's—the glory that is Tris
And the grandeur that is Ty.

BALLADE OF HEROES

(*Bob Emslie has just concluded his 25th year as an umpire.*)

When Hindenburg held the Russ at bay
His name was entered upon Fame's hall;
When General Joff checked the Teuton sway,
The Red Game bowed to his mighty thrall,
The Lily of France crept out of the pall.
And medals were pinned on his gleaming coat;
Who is the greatest hero of them all?
Emslie's the entry that gets my vote!

The Trooper faces the shrapnel's spray,
And he is a hero beyond recall;
To face grim death in the deadly fray,
To give your life at the country's call—

Where has glory a greater haul?
Show me the chance for a greater gloat!
On the Field of Honor the heroes fall;
But Emslie's the fellow that gets my vote!

Haunted and taunted, day by day,
For a thousand weeks by the sore fan's squall,
Branded a thief upon each called play,
Hissed and hooted on each pitched ball;
Held to scorn in the biting scrawl,
The One and Only Eternal Goat—
Come, ye heroes and crowd the stall—
Emslie's the entry that gets my vote!

From the northern snows into flowered Gaul,
By the Seven Seas where the great hulks float,
On with the laurel from Pall to Mall—
Emslie's the entry that gets my vote!

RUBE MARQUARD'S SOLILOQUY

How speed the ages on their way—

 How old Doc Time must flutter by;

How brief, alas, each vanished day

 As centuries arise and die;

For here I see it jotted down

 On history's eternal slate

Where Babylon was quite a town—

 And I—had Nineteen Straight.

But yesterday J. Caesar cleaned

 The pennant up in vanished Gaul;

But yesterday Kid David beaned

 Goliath with his swiftest ball;

For I remember from the mold

 Of Things That Were—each deed and date—

When Cleopatra knocked 'em cold—

 And I—had Nineteen Straight.

Within my den at night I read
Forgotten legends of the years;
Gray age on age, I lamp the screed
Of Hector's fall and Helen's tears;
Aye—back beyond Time's fading ridge
I trail with those who leered at Fate—
When old Horatius held the bridge—
And I—had Nineteen Straight.

THE RACE

(. . . "Jockey Smith, fatally injured in the third race, never regained consciousness. All through the night he was still in the saddle in his delirium, urging his mount forward, pleading, cursing, attempting to use both whip and spur."
. . .)

Stirrup to stirrup and neck to neck;
On through the night with the wire to gain;
White foam crowned with a crimson fleck—
Gaunt hands clutching a mystic rein;

Into the stretch that men call Life,
Now he is cursing—and now he pleads—
The whip comes down like the slash of a knife—
But the Pale Horse, Death, in the saddle, leads.

Into the stretch, where, side by side,
A specter clings to a phantom's back;
God—what a race this is to ride
With never a thud on the starless track;

With never a cheer from the shadowed stands,
And never a sound—save a half-choked
breath—

On and on through the Lonesome Lands,
Riding a Dream in a race with Death!

SOMEWHERE IN THE GAME

Somewhere in the Game
Beyond the grip of battle and the dream
Of greater conquests and of richer fame
There comes the chance to lay aside the gleam,

The gleam that we call glory—or renown—

But which is mostly myth—to lend a hand

To some fagged, reeling entry who is down,

And give him one more scrimmage with the

band.

Somewhere in the Game

You'll find a good bit more than winning strife,

The fickle cheering or the mad acclaim

That you once thought to be the sum of life;

You'll find the value of all this is small,

A drifting phantom through a shadowed glen,

Where you might lift some pal who had to fall,

And give him one more chance to start again.

LINES TO STUFFY McINNIS

Stuffy, I've often wondered

Just how it seems to you,

Groping around in the cellar,

Part of a tail-end crew;

Under the Yanks and Indians,
Trailing even the Browns—
You who were part of the Cossack Guard
That raided the captured towns.

Stuffy, I've often wondered,
Here in my Harlem den,
Do ghosts of the lost years ever
Gather for you again?
Ghosts of the vanished legion
Back ere the bubble burst,
With Collins, Baker and Barry
Pegging 'em out at first?

Stuffy, watching a rally
Curbed by a weaker mate,
Doesn't the ghost of Baker
Stalk again to the plate?
Doesn't the shadow of Bender
Quiver athwart your flank?

How would you like to be working
Back of the shoots of Plank?

Piking alone with trailers,
Here as the summer flits,
Sometimes isn't it lonesome
Wasting your two-base hits?
Batting above Three Hundred
While hanging on to a dream
Swept from the years behind you,
Last of the Old Regime?

THE GAME AND THE PIPER

This is your Game, old pal, the Game that you
loved so well;
That crowned you King of the Field through the
sweep of a golden spell;
That put the world at your feet in the border of
dreams-come-true,
But here at the end of the trail—well, what has
it done for you?

It gave you fame in a flash,
And rank at a tender age;
The thrill of the headlong clash,
A Name on the Printed Page.

Then jeers for the cheers of old,
It gave with a snarl of glee;
It took your job in the fold,
And you were but thirty-three.

At the year when most men start
On the wide trail's upward sweep,
It broke your grip—and your heart—
In the rut where the Hasbeens creep.

Acclaimed in the Big Corral,
Loud cheered in the Ruling Push,
Say, how does it feel, old pal,
To be bawled out in the Bush?

In the Bush with a worn-out wing,
Loud cursed on a tank town lot,
The Game, yes, it made you king,
Has it made you pay—or not?

This is your Game, old pal, the Game that you
loved so well,
That crowned you King of the Field through the
sweep of a golden spell;
You've saved from the grip of time—from the
laurel that crowned your brow
A dream and a worn-out glove—well, what is
the answer now?

AS IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

He took his turn, half-heartedly, outlining an
excuse;
He figured he was beaten—so he couldn't see
the use;

But when he made his little play, it took a lucky
swerve,

A sudden, unexpected hop—a title-winning curve,
And straightway they exclaimed about his “cour-
age” and his “nerve.”

He started in with bulldog jaw to make a win-
ning fight;

He started in to see it through, as any stalwart
might;

But when he cut in with his play, it took a hard-
luck bound

And caromed as it shouldn’t have on any sort of
ground,

And so they rose and branded him a “quitter”
and a “hound.”

SONGS ABOVE THE DRUMFIRE

BEYOND THE CHARGE

Far to the right the big guns tell their story;
For to the left the shrapnel hurtles by,
Singing again its song of death and glory,
Where, in between, the marching ghosts drift
by;
You—in the lines—still watch the vivid token
Flashed through the dusk in all its crimson
gleam,
But here, through the night, we hold our sleep
unbroken,
Dreamers too worn to dream.

Here is “the peace that passeth understanding,”
The peace that we have waited through the
years;
No more grim captains of the strife commanding
Worn hosts to charge the battlement of tears;

No more the heartache of a vain endeavor,
Into the storm of bitter battle drawn;
Deep falls the night where winds come whispering, "Never—
Never another dawn."

Never another dawn where, to eyes weary,
The gray light steals upon the sleeper's rest;
The tramp of feet, the call of bugle dreary,
To end the dream or stir the dreamer's breast;
Never another dawn with strife's Tomorrow,
The Day is done—the last lone couch awaits—
Here, at the Road's End of all strife and sorrow,
Safe through the twilight gates.

WHAT OF IT?

Perhaps the time is nearing when we'll all go to
the front;
But what of it?

The married man, the single man, the brawny
and the runt;

But what of it?

Some twenty millions now have gone—the brav-
est and the best—

From every land beneath the sun to face the final
test;

Why should we hope to hang around within a
downy nest?

So what of it?

Perhaps when we are called to go we'll find the
game is tough;

But what of it?

We'll find our dreams are shattered where the
hand of Fate is rough;

But what of it?

We'll find that all our idle joys have come be-
neath a ban;

We'll find our share of bitterness among the fighting clan;

But was Life made for a weakling—or was Life made for a Man?

So what of it?

Perhaps among the fallen brave we'll find the grave is deep;

But what of it?

Perhaps in somber No Man's Land we'll know our final sleep;

But what of it?

Since each of us owes God a death—and each has got to pay—

Why not swing out with valiant stride along the open way

To where the Great Adventure waits this side of Judgment Day?

So what of it?

ALAN SEEGER

(*American Member of the Foreign Legion, killed
in Action July 4th, 1916.*)

Somewhere in France where crosses lean
Above so many graves today;
Where faded lilies place their screen
And summer winds kneel down to pray—
You who first ventured overseas
To watch, at last, the light grow dim,
God must have sent his gentlest breeze
To bring your spirit back to Him.

Somewhere in France, dust unto dust,
You wait beyond the Inn of Life,
Where through lone nights the guarding crust
Shuts out the clamor of the strife;
But far above the crimson sod
No barrier your soul might stop,

When from the Great White Throne of God
You see the Legion cross the top.

A year ago today you knew
The endless melody of song;
You saw that summer skies were blue—
That drifting summer days were long;
You waited, while the twilight's breath
Came crooning some old serenade,
To hold your "rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade."

Today the Legion holds the line
Unbroken by the driving mass,
Where you have helped to write the sign
In dripping blood—"They Shall Not Pass!"
And now beyond the far divide
You see the Starry Flag advance
Among the millions who have died
For love of Liberty—and France.

The Eagle's wings at last are spread
Above a never-beaten shield,
Where still among the deathless dead
Your specter haunts the clotted field;
And borne afar on summer's breath
You send this message hurtling through—
“I had a rendezvous with Death—
I did not fail that rendezvous!”

OVER THERE

As through the mists we looked—and dreamed
How far—how far away it seemed
Over There;
The red flash of their cannon fire—
The flame that lit some reeling spire—
The mighty thunder of their guns
Which sang the Master Song of death,
The ghosts which met dawn's rising suns
And drifted out on April's breath—

Beyond dull sweeps of sky and sea—
How far away it seemed to be!
How far away it seemed—and then—
We woke—and turned—and looked again—

And now—where flames of crimson rise
How close to us—how near it lies
Over There—
The red flash of their cannon shines
Upon the steel that arms our lines—
The mighty thunder seems to be
Less than a half-league from our clan,
Where Fate has turned an ancient sea
To something less than half a span;
For sweeps of sky and sea are gone
Where forming, storming lines rush on,
Waiting the day ahead, until
Old Glory crowns some battered hill.

GOLF IN EUROPE

No more the mashie flicks the pill
Along the ancient green;
No more the brassie's sweeping clout
Reechoes down the scene;
But caddies for the player Death
Amid the shots that fly,
The only divots they replace
Are where the dead men lie.

Deep-bunkered in the crimson trench,
Unplayable with gore,
Their flashing irons leap to meet
The cannon belching "Fore!"—
And where the shrapnel's long approach
Comes booming through the strife,
The only par they dream of now
Is one more day of life.

The verdant turf still winds afar
Where April's fairway rolls,
Safe from the iron that today
Rips only into souls;
And each man's drive shall come to rest
Within a trap so deep
That nothing but the blade of God
Shall lift him from his sleep.

And you who curse the cuppy lie
Or mourn your wretched fate,
Because you missed a simple putt
And marred your perfect slate—
Give one thought to their game today
Among the rotting dead,
Where in the wake of every shot
The dark green turf grows red.

"SOMEWHERE—IN SOMEWHERE"

Somewhere in Somewhere where the drifting
shadows creep

Is there left a dreamless sleep?

Somewhere beyond the borders of the flame-en-
circled land

Where the weary make their stand,

Where the phantom fires of eight million ghosts
are glowing,

Where the Marne and Meuse are flowing

Through valleys of despair;

Where they sing the endless glory of the na-
tion's fearless men

Through the battle's crimson glare.

But how about the millions who will never
wake again

Somewhere—in Somewhere?

Somewhere in Somewhere you can hear the
ghostly tread
Of the many millions dead;
And I wonder if they wonder as they wait by
land and sea,
Why it ever had to be?
Is there sleep, I wonder, broken by the shells
that echo, screaming,
Day and night above their dreaming,
Hurling death across the air?
The living know the glory of the charge by
hill and glen
Where the valiant-hearted fare.
But how about the millions who will never care
again
Somewhere—in Somewhere?

SONGS THE SOLDIERS SING

You'll rarely ever find him humming
A song of war and battle bold;

You'll rarely ever hear him strumming
A lilt set in heroic mold;
For when he finds the big job grating
Upon his nerves across the foam,
He'd rather sing of some one waiting
Back at a place called Home, Sweet Home.

You'd think before some mighty battle,
Surrounded by the conflict's roar,
He'd make the far flung echoes rattle
With songs of carnage and of gore;
You'd think, with wild enthusiasm
He'd give vent to his final breath
With something in a vocal spasm
That ended "Victory—or Death!"

But when he hears the dusk winds bringing
Some old dream from the heart of June,
The chances are you'll hear him singing
Some long forgotten foolish tune—

Something to rhyme with summer posies
 Of blue eyes and the twilight gloam,
Of lips red with the flame of roses
 Back at a place called Home, Sweet Home.

OUR UNCLE SAMUEL

He rarely starts off at top speed;
 In fact, his legs are often tangled;
'And there are other times, indeed,
 When everything he does is jangled;
But though he flounders out the slope
 With awkwardness that won't diminish,
You'll find, on looking up the dope,
 They rarely hook him at the finish.

Uneven? Yes, as any rhyme,
 'And although moving on, intently,
He seems to waste a lot of time,
 'And does—to break it more than gently;

And though at times, through awkward fits,
He seems to have no thought of winning,
He has a knack of bunching hits
Before they reach the final inning.

A queer old duck, our Uncle Sam,
Now busily pot-hunting Junkers;
For form he doesn't give a whoop,
So long as he can clear the bunkers;
His style may be a trifle rough,
And though he seems to move by inches,
The old boy's got a lotta stuff
When he is called on in the pinches.

FRANCE

Who loves brave life through all the tides of time
Where valor holds review
Craves only this—to send his humble rhyme
Across the seas to you.

Where once again the winter drift rides down
Across your plains of red,
And Christmas snows have once more placed
their crown
Above your deathless dead.

Where, striking through for country and for
home
With valiant blow for blow,
Each young Marcellus builds a grander Rome
Than all the ages know.

Though Homer lived to sing your mighty heart
Above the drumfire's roll,
What words are there to tell in minor part
The glory of your soul?

You who have proved that life is king of death,
That honor is no wraith,
You, who are giving to the final breath,
The fullness of your faith.

Once more the mantle of a Christmas snow
Drifts deep above each grave,
Blacker than night against the deathless glow
Above your fallen brave.

Once more the moon of winter sends its gleam
Where, paladin and pawn,
Each *beau sabreur* of Valor holds his dream
Beyond the last white dawn.

Where each gale sings its requiem today
By spur and plain and tarn,
And gentler winds kneel down at dusk to pray
Along the Meuse and Marne—

Through all the gray-ghost shadows that have
crept
Where braver words belong,
An humble singer asks that you accept
The tribute of a song.

PEACE FOR THE KAISER

Some day—when by dune and hill
 Battle flags at last are furled;
Some day—when the drums are still,
 Peace will wreath a battered world;
But when Time has run its race,
 All the endless ages through,
Out beyond eternal space—
 Say, what Peace will come to you!

While you live? Through each black night
 Ghosts shall gather, dripping red,
Blotting from your ghastly sight
 Everything except the Dead;
Formless lines of murdered men—
 These alone will haunt your view;
Peace is coming back again—
 But what Peace will come to you!

Through each day though you may strive

For a hiding place to shun

Children who should be alive,

Laughing in the golden sun,

When their white lips ask you "Why

Did you war upon us, too?"

When their wee ghosts flutter by—

Say, what Peace will come to you!

When you die? Yes, graves are deep,

But where lurking shadows dwell

Broken forms will haunt your sleep,

Though your coffin rests on hell.

Underneath the final sod

You shall pay the ages through!

Peace is coming back—Thank God!

But what Peace will come to you!

THREE YEARS AGO

Three years ago today

A sudden shadow came by land and sea;
But all the groping millions went their way,
Or smiled and whispered, "It could never be";
And they were right—for who was so insane
To think the world could turn to blood and
tears,
The world that knew the sunlight and the rain
And all the golden visions of the years?

Three years ago today

The shadow was no larger than your hand;
And so from all the wondering array
How could it be that one might understand?
Yes, they were right—the shadow soon must
pass,
For blood was still too dear a thing to flow

Like mighty rivers gushing in one mass
To fill vast oceans waiting down below.

Three years ago today
Five million men were living, where tonight
Gray ghosts are groping from the shell-swept
way
To find their peace beyond the bitter fight;
Five million men were living—who have died,
And who must bide their time in unknown
graves,
Because a mad king was not satisfied
To sit content with eighty million slaves.

A MESSAGE FROM A FRONT TRENCH
When my time comes and all farewells are said
To what few friends may still survive the
fight,

I shall not shrink to hear the ghostly tread
That signals Death is stalking through the
night
To lead me forth across the Mystic Moor
Unto the Tavern of the Silent Land—
But I shall smile—and through the open door
We two shall go, as good friends—hand in
hand.

There I shall meet the friends who've gone be-
fore,
And we shall gather in a room apart,
And, cup to cup, shall pledge the days of yore,
Soul unto soul and silent heart to heart;
And there beneath the crimson rose that nods
And sways above us, free from toil and strife,
We'll quaff to you—forgotten by the gods—
Poor souls who linger at the Inn of Life.

THE PRINCESS PATS

(*"Out of the original regiment only twenty remain."*)

No need to call the roll today;
No need to read the scroll today;
No need to seek for friends you knew among the
first command;
Small use—you know the rest of it,
The worst of it—the best of it—
Where Fate has written each address—"Some-
where in No Man's Land."

Somewhere in No Man's Land today
You'll find the first command today,
From Neuve Chapelle to Vimy Ridge, wherever
they were sent;
Their share? A triple store of it,
They did their bit, and more of it,
So here's to twenty who returned where fourteen
hundred went.

INTO THE BATTLE

Into the battle the Trooper speeds
As the bugles call and the drums respond;
Into the fight as the captain leads
Where the low line waits on the hills beyond;
Waits for the signal—then the crack
Of blue steel rimmed with a crest of flame,
And few ride back on the homeward track
Where many rode when the order came.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds,
Into the line where the rifle rings,
But little the Trooper hears or heeds
The song of hate which the shrapnel sings—
The roar of battle—the curse—the shout—
The crash and clamor of friend and foe—
The riderless horse that wheels about
And gallops past to the plains below.

For out from the smoke wreath, far away,
He hears the patter of little feet;
The dim, far call of a child at play
With babyhood laughter, low and sweet;
The murmur of voices, dream-swept far
From the little path to the cottage gate,
Where eagerly under the evening star
Mother and child in the twilight wait.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds—
But somewhere out from the Far-off Lands
An echo drifts where a soft voice pleads
And the tender pressure of little hands;
A mother's lullaby from the night
And a call to the Great White God in prayer
That one will come from the far-off fight
To those who wait in the darkness there.

IN NO MAN'S LAND

In No Man's Land, I wonder if
The gray ghosts meet when night droops down?
To talk of charge and countercharge,
Of trench attack or blazing town?
To laugh, maybe, at fear or pain,
They knew before the shrapnel's sweep?
Or are they now content to know
A dreamless and eternal sleep?

In No Man's Land, I wonder now
If phantom millions meet at night
To talk of old-time years at home
Before they toppled in the fight?
Of one who waited through the dusk
When summer winds were on the wing;
Or are they happy now to know
The sleep that only graves can bring?

I wonder if they ever dream
 Of ancient field and country lane?
Of tangled roses by the gate—
 . Of one who now must wait in vain?
Or do they dream of crashing on
 With old commands in some new fight?
Or are they now content to know
 The sleep that lasts beyond the night?

THE FALLEN

For those who have fallen the living weep ;
Are they not asleep ?
They wait beyond where the shadows creep,
But their dreams are deep.
Since the way is short and the day is brief,
Why should the world so waste its grief
For those who have come to the end of the
play
In the old, brave way ?

"They have come to die!" you cry, agape
At the rolling drums.

What if they have? Will you escape
When the Hour comes?

THE CANADIAN

He left the rivers that he knew—
The mountains—thrown against the sky—
He left their valleys, pearly with dew,
Nor paused to question or reply;
He left his ghost—but as he fell
He left behind more ghosts than one,
Where, striking with the force of hell,
He gave his answer to the Hun.

He left the far plains' endless track
To take his place amid the slain;
From Vimy Ridge to Lens and back,
He left his share of crimson stain;

He left his shattered soul to sleep
In riven fields of gore and mud,
But crashing through the rifles' sweep,
He took his toll in Prussian blood.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY

With raw souls wrenched from the breast
Each night in the trenches of blood;
Where six million skeletons rest
Face down in the slime and the mud;
Come—let us give thanks for the peace
And the ease into which we are drawn—
But give it so low that the dead will not know,
Nor the thousands who'll die before dawn,
Where shrapnel sweeps earthward like hail
And even the bravest must reel,
Where myriad ghosts take the trail
In the wake of the salvo of steel—

Come—let us give thanks for the cheer
That covers the land where we dwell;
But give it so low that the ghosts will not know
As they swing into heaven—or hell.

BEYOND THE BARRIER

Upon our shield the staining rust
Had gathered deeper than we knew;
Upon our blade the drifting dust
Had dimmed and dulled the ancient hue:
And we have floundered through the pall
As children, who have lost their way;
But somewhere, underneath it all,
The Vital Spark still waits the day.

The ruggedness of ancient mold
Was hidden then by softer dreams;
The braver line we used to hold
May waver where the red flash gleams;

But when the showdown came at last
Beyond control of word or pen,
Remembrance of a braver past
Came back to wake us up again.

The ancient spirit of the clan
May shrink, at times, before the call,
Bewildered, in the waiting span,
Before the rousing lash shall fall ;
But when the light flares down the field
Beyond doubt's final barricade,
The rust shall come from off the shield—
The dust shall flutter from the blade.

THE STORY OF THE DRUMS

What is the story of glory that comes
From the roll of the drums ?
The echo of feet keeping time to the beat
Of men who are marching by crossroad and
street

To the call that has echoed by land and by sea
For the fate that may be?

And the story is this—they have come to the
day

When the big debt is due in the smash of the
fray

And if it be only the death which they owe,
Or if it be only to suffer and grow,
They are ready to pay.

Even for those who are ready and strong
The road's none too long;
Time moves on the fly as the seasons flash by
Where the shadows drift in and the last echoes
die,

Where each in his turn passes on through the
gate

To whatever may wait;
And the story is this—when the hour is due—
'And it may be for me or it may be for you—

Today and Tomorrow are one and the same
If we stick to the highway and play out the
game,
Be it early or late.

OVER THE BORDER

(*Johnny Poe—Killed in Action—September 25,
1915.*)

Out from the darkness we come to the light—
A dream in the sunlight—a breath in the
clover—
And then—comes the call to the Tavern of
Night
Where the bugle is hushed and the war note
is over;
The roll call is heard where the Troopers stand
by—
And tears for the Silence where none may
reply.

Over the Border—dim, starless and far,
But where a brave dream and a spirit un-
broken
May sweep through the dusk by the last crimson
star
And come to God's dawn for the last laurel
token;

Over the Border—with Right's stalwart creed
And the clan of his comrades to give him
Godspeed.

Green be his couch where the white lilies lean;
Crimson the roses that keep guard above him;
Gentle the darkness that gathers between
The Sleeper at rest and the torn hearts that
love him;
God give him refuge where Life's flag is furled—
A Dreamer gone back to the dust of the
World.

Low be the lost winds of France that must
creep

Over his rest in the Last Tavern lying;
God, send Thy dreams where the Darkness is
deep—

Father, Thy care when the wild storms are
flying;

No monarch comes—but the Soul of a Man—
We speak for a Brother—for One of the
Clan!

TWO SONGS OF THE FIELD

The wind is hushed—but the guns are singing
“Over the top! On down the field!
On with the flags! Where life is bringing
The thrill that comes from the sword and
shield!

Over the top! And on to the charge!
On and on through the red barrage!

We've cleared the road—that is red and wet—

We've opened the way for the bayonet!

We've sowed to the wind—now reap the crop!

Over the top, now! Over the top!"

The guns are hushed—but the winds are singing

"Sleep forever! On down the field.

On with your dreams, where death is bringing

The peace that follows the sword and shield.

Under the top of the crust that knew

The thud of your feet when the guns got
through;

The charge is over—the fight is done

Where silence sits on the smoking gun.

Where silence sits—and the shadows creep

And the song of the guns can't break your
sleep."

"HOME FROM THE FRONT"

He has come back home, asleep;
And it cannot be except
Those who love him most must weep
As the world has ever wept
When her sons were forced to go,
Yet, where twilight's shadows creep,
It is something just to know
He has come back home, asleep.

Something just to know but this—
Where so many come no more—
Feel no more the southwind's kiss,
Lost upon a distant shore;
Where so many seek the track
Leading home, but through dim tears,
Or some day but wander back
To the heartache of the years.

He has come back home, asleep—

Yet, within his resting place,
From the outer darkness deep

Love's pale lilies hide his face;
And beneath blue summer skies
Where he dreams below the sod
But a single rosebud lies

Now "between his heart and God."

From the day-gleam to the night

He has passed, and yet afar
He has found a greater light

Than we know from sun or star—
He has found a rarer gleam

Where no weary tears may blur—
He will know a sweeter dream
Where the wind-blown grasses stir.

Where the red tide whirls and runs
He is safe now from the foe,

Where the thunder of the guns
Is as soft as falling snow;
And beneath blue guarding skies
Where he dreams below the sod,
But a single rosebud lies
Now "between his heart and God."

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